

man sitting on a heap of stones. Upon this Sir William, after enquiring about his country, asked why he did not get up and work? I am not able, answered the man. Not able, says Sir William, I am sure you look very well; give him a few stripes. Upon this the planter struck him several times, but the poor man still kept his seat. They then left him, and went over the plantation together, exclaiming against his obstinacy all the way they went. But how surprised were they on their return, to find the poor man fallen off the place where he had been sitting, and dead. — The cruelty, says Sir William, of my ordering the poor creature to be beaten, while in the agonies of death, lies always next my heart. It is what I shall never forget, and it will ever prevent my judging rashly of people who appear in distress. —

But we must now return to Whittington

Whittington: He would have lived happy enough in this worthy family had he not been so bumped about by his mistress; the cook: she must always be roasting and basting; and when the spit was still, she employed herself in basting about poor Whittington, till Miss Alice, his mistress



daughter was informed of it, took compassion on the poor boy, made her treat him more kindly besides the crossness of the Cook.

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